LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

By Anna Moorhead and Angel Spanos

Once upon a time, there was a little girl living on the edge of a big forest. She was a very pretty girl, with blond, curly hair, and big blue eyes. You know the type—the picture of innocence, but has everyone wrapped around her finger, and is full of evil inside.

One day, her mother placed a cloak and hood made of bright red fabric on her head, and told her to go to take a basket of goodies for her ailing grandmother at the other end of the forest. But there was a problem with this—Little Red Riding Hood, as she came to be known, despised her grandmother, and dreamed of the day she would die. This was because Grandmother absolutely refused to be wrapped around the little girl’s finger. She would not spoil her, and worst of all, wasn’t fooled by her innocence act. Grandmother tried to make her granddaughter into a kind, thoughtful child, which was something Little Red Riding Hood wouldn’t stand for. In other words, Little Red Riding Hood was a very big brat with not much common sense.

She refused to just put up with her grandmother, and when her mother gave her the basket, Little Red Riding Hood saw the perfect opportunity. Skipping out the front door, she skipped around the house and slid through the back door into the kitchen. What luck! Mother’s largest collection of butcher knives was in the top drawer. She secretively placed the biggest one into her basket, hiding it under a delicious-looking cake.

As she skipped off, Mother called after her—“Don’t talk to strangers, and stay on the path!”

“Yeah, yeah.” The girl muttered. “Whatever.” And then she ran off. As soon as she was deep enough into the forest, she ducked off the path so as to have a straight route to Grandmother’s. Soon, she tripped over a large wolf crouching in a clearing. “WHAT do you think you’re doing?!” The little girl said indignantly.

“Just picking the most BEAUTIFUL bouquet for an ailing woman living at the other end of the forest! They’ve just bloomed—would you like to join me?” The wolf invited.

“Ew?” The little girl replied. “You’re all…furry…and who would want to pick flowers??? Plus, I’ve got places to be.”

“What are you doing?” The wolf asked kindly.

“Oh, going to my sick grandma’s house to… give her a cake.” Little Red Riding Hood said, then started cackling evilly as she trampled the yellow wild flowers into the ground, and then walked away. Peering after her, the wolf saw something shiny in the cracks of the woven basket. Squinting, he saw that it was a knife…and a large one! Fearing for his friend (the grandmother)’s safety, he decided to take the path and follow the devious girl.

Soon, Little Red Riding Hood came to the other end of the woods. She knocked on the door of her grandmother’s cottage, and a frail voice called out: “Come in, Little Red Riding Hood! Your mother said you might be coming by!”

Huffing, Little Red Riding Hood opened the door. “Hi, lady. And I’ve told you, it’s Lil’ R.”

Chuckling, Grandmother corrected her. “It’s Grandmother to you, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.”

“Nah,” said the girl, smiling. “Not for long.” Suddenly, she looked rather evil, and her grandmother became nervous, scooting to the other side of the bed. As Lil’ R opened the basket, the delicious odor of cake wafted out. Grandmother relaxed, but then the girl placed the cake on the counter, saying “I’ll eat this later.” The old lady stiffened, and sprang out of bed. Little Red Riding Hood withdrew from the basket the large knife, and began chasing her grandmother around the kitchen table.

The grandmother began screaming, and hearing this, the wolf picked up his pace. Getting to the house, he scooped up the old lady and put her in the closet for safety. The little girl looked at him, and preparing for battle, let out a loud yodel, and yelled, “You won’t get me, you big bad wolf!” Hearing this, a woodcutter nearby was alarmed, thinking a wolf was attacking a little innocent girl.

Running up to the cottage, he peered through the window, to see a large wolf using a broken-off table leg to fight a little girl with a large butcher knife. Springing in through the glass window and shattering it, he grabbed the knife from Lil’ R and attacked the wolf. Soon, he had the wolf pinned to the ground with the knife to his throat. Little Red Riding Hood peeked out from behind him, smirked, and then made herself look terrified. She was a very good actress.

But thankfully, the wolf’s friend Grandmother came to the rescue. Popping her head out of the closet, she yodeled (it was a family talent) and said “Hey! The wolf was just trying to rescue me from my evil granddaughter!”

“Huh?” Asked the woodcutter. Then she explained how Lil’ R had planned to kill her with a very large knife hidden in the picnic basket. Sensing that things had taken a turn for the worse, Lil’ R jumped on top of the woodcutter and tried to strangle him! But the woodcutter managed to pull her off of him, and tied her up with some spare rope Grandmother found in the closet. Then, he left the wolf and Grandmother to eat their delicious cake, and he carted Little Red Riding Hood off to her house, where he informed her mother that she would be taken to the local juvenile detention center, where she spent the next year and half taking many therapy sessions, and hiding from her cell mate, Judy, who had managed to find herself a plastic spork in the cafeteria (she was a vicious girl).

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